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## SONG OF THE SABBATH.

The Sabbath day—the Gracious day!  
Bringing the gifts of peace,  
Chasing life's restless care away,  
Lulling the weary brain to ease;

Breaking the sunshine on the earth,  
Bidding vain shadows flee,  
Calling for praise and sweet mirth,  
Making the bosom free;

The Sabbath day—the precious boon!  
Let not the words be vain,  
It yields no gain, it comes too soon,  
It is of light esteem!

Let not the light sternly say  
His temple claims it all;  
Who shall impute Mercy's ray  
Within that narrow wall?

The Sabbath day—the separate!  
For which with yearning sighs  
The weary worker's patient wait,  
And joy to see it rise;

The Sabbath day—the sacred brain,  
Alike may find repose,  
And gather strength to conquer again,  
And strength to conquer woes.

The Sabbath day—the gift divine!  
That whatsoever our creed,  
Supplies with bounteous benign  
Leisure for every need;

For prayer, for praise, for soothing rest,  
For thought of boundless scope,  
For heart of charity's best,  
For love, for joy, for hope.

The Sabbath day—the glorious day!  
Beyond the city gate,  
Let those of thousands bend their way,  
Where breeze and sunshine wait,  
And let them see the streamlets flow,  
And tread the daisied sod,  
And search and find out God.

The Sabbath day—the buckler strong  
That guards the poor and weak,  
Shielding the desolate from wrong,  
Leaving the tyrant weak.

The Sabbath day—O prize it well,  
The wisdom learn to scan;  
Alike in temple, field, or cell,  
"The Sabbath made for man."

From the American Union.

## A WORLD OF TROUBLE.

—OR—  
WHY THOMAS GOT DRUNK.

BY OLIVER OPTICO.

### CHAPTER I.

"I am so glad you have come, Thomas!"

exclaimed Mrs. Butler, a pale, care worn young wife, as her husband entered the room in which she had prepared the evening meal.

"Why, what is the matter now?" returned the husband, laying a wicked emphasis on the word "now," as though he meant to imply that there was always something the matter.

"Nothing, only I wanted you to bring in a pair of water, for I am so tired that I declare I can hardly keep upon my feet."

"Is that all? I did not know but what the baby had had a fit, or got scalded, or something of that sort."

"Nothing of the kind: I have trouble enough to get along without sickness in the family. I feel just as though I should die every night when I get my work done."

Mrs. Butler sighed, as she placed the smoking tea upon the table, and threw herself into a chair, apparently so exhausted that she could not have stood another moment.

"You must have a girl, Mary; you know I don't want you to work so hard. I have often told you so before," said Mr. Butler.

"A girl, indeed! Can you afford to keep a girl Thomas?"

"Certainly, I can. I am earning twelve dollars a week now and I am sure our expenses are not above eight. A dollar and a half a week added to this sum, would still leave me a handsome surplus."

"Just like you, Thomas; that is one of your calculations."

"Certainly, that is one of my calculations," replied Mr. Butler a little tartly.

"I suppose you wouldn't reckon anything for the girls board?" sneered the wife.

"A mere trifle."

"Everything is a mere trifle with you." Thomas stuffed a hot biscuit into his mouth to help him keep his temper.

"And then she would waste double her wages," continued the lady.

"Fah! that is an old woman's bugbear," replied Butler, impatiently.

"Yes; that's just the way you always talk."

"It is correct talk, though."

"Girls don't waste, I suppose?"

"I presume they do, many of them; but you abominably exaggerate the amount."

"No, I don't, I say they waste double their wages."

"No such thing."

"What articles do they waste to such an enormous extent?"

"Everything—provisions, groceries; and they burn up twice as much fuel as there is any kind of need of."

lent supervision she could not possibly waste more than fifty cents a week."

"Well, that is twenty-six dollars a year."

"But I can afford to lose that, rather than that you should make a slave of yourself."

"I don't want a girl; it would be more work to look after her than it would be to do the work myself."

"As you please, my dear."

"I don't want your friends to think you have got an extravagant wife."

"Fudge, on my friends!"

"Yes, it is easy enough for you to say so."

"And for you, too, if you choose."

"I don't want to spend all we get."

"Nor I, my dear; but, to be very plain with you, I had much rather do it, than hear you everlasting complain of how hard you have to work."

"Don't I work hard?"

"I don't know but you do."

"Just think what I have to do."

"Well, I have to work hard, too; but I am sure it doesn't make one feel any better, to be continually grumbling about it."

"Who's grumbling? Can't a body speak without being accused of grumbling?" said Mrs. Butler, rather pettishly.

"I only mean to say that you work twice as hard with your imagination as you do with your hands; your thoughts make the work hard."

"Yes, it is easy for you to say so," said the wife, wiping away the tears from her wan cheek.

"When have I come into the house, Mary, for the last six months, and you have not told me a heap of troubles as big as a mountain? I can't stand it!"

"I never thought you could be so harsh to me. You did not use to speak to me in that way," sobbed Mary, feeling that she was the most cruelly-used wife in the world.

"You irritate me with your troubles."

"I can't help my trouble; I do the best I can to keep your house in order, and take good care of the baby."

"I never found any fault with your management. I am abundantly pleased with all you do, save and except your creaking and grumbling."

"What can I do?"

"Go about your work cheerfully, and with a disposition to make the best of everything. By a cheerful and contented disposition you will make even the hardest day of toil a day of satisfaction. You look darkly upon your lot, and that makes it black."

"I can't help my feelings."

"Yes, you can, Mary. At any rate, you ought not to embitter your existence with your incessant complaining."

"I have tried to make you happy."

"If you have you have signally failed; for it has come to this, I almost hate to come into the house, so much do I dread to hear your tale of woe."

"I will try to do better."

"Do, Mary, home will become a curse to me, instead of the brightest spot upon earth as it ought to be, if you do not."

The baby cried at this point of the conversation, and Mrs. Butler wiped away her tears, and took the little cherub from the cradle where he had been sleeping, an unconscious of the matrimonial strife which had been blowing around him.

### CHAPTER II.

When Mrs. Butler was married, she was a bright, cheerful and happy maiden. For more than a year she and her devoted husband had not known the meaning of matrimonial strife. It was a new state of existence to her, and while the novelty of the thing lasted, she was as happy as the day was long.

But in the course of events, she was deprived of the pleasure of going abroad much and the pretty home in which she had spent a year of joy began to rust on her imagination. Not that her husband was less devoted, though he might not have been quite so dreamy and sentimental as he was in the days of their courtship, yet he was all that a reasonable wife could expect. He was indulgent, kind and sympathized deeply with her in all those matters wherein a young wife needs tenderness and care.

Little Bobby was born; but the little stranger made such a heap of work for the fond mother, that she declared she should die under the infliction. She would not listen to her husband's suggestion to keep a girl—she had a kind of vanity in her composition which led her to endure rather than subject her husband's purse to such an expenditure. She feared folks would say she was not as "smart" as she wished to be considered, or that Thomas' relations would deem her extravagant and lazy.

She continued to do her work, though each day was a day of misery. Before she got breakfast, dinner, or tea, she sat and moped over it thinking what a terrible hard job it was for her to perform. The dreary washing lay from about Friday morning; and on the wash tub she was as miserable as a negro and a rubbing board could possibly make her.

The reader may imagine she was lazy; but I do not think so. She lived in a world of trouble; she looked upon the dark side of everything. Of course there were many hardships she was called upon to endure—as who is not? She was obliged to keep occupied most of the time in the duties of the household, and the care of the baby. Her position was undoubtedly one of trial and vexation, as those who are experienced in these matters will readily understand.

But the principal difficulty was to be found in Mrs. Butler's unhappy disposition. She was not cheerful and contented with her lot. Her morbid imagination magnified the little trials of everyday life into monstrous woes, and she suffered intolerably in her mind, which was communicated to the baby. She was the most miserable.

Of course her husband, who was of a directly opposite temperament, was rendered miserable; also. Mrs. Butler seemed so wedded to her woe, that every effort on his part to alleviate it, was promptly repulsed. He had grown disgusted. His wife was always complaining. He never came into the house without being assailed by a relation of her woes. He cured his stars—blamed himself for ever becoming a husband.

But then, poor fellow, what could he do? Mary was as gentle and pleasant maiden before her marriage, as one often finds. She had never been placed in a position to try her character. He might have heard

her fret over a new dress that did not fit, or something of that sort; but he never dreamed that a tempest could ever blow out of such a little cloud. It was only when she felt the cold touch of life's realities, that she showed out exactly what she was.

It was too late now; the mischief had been done. She was his wife; she was the mother of little Bobby. He loved her still, his affections had been terribly shocked by her thoughtless grumbling.

Mary had promised to do better; but alas for the vanity of human promises, they were words written in sand. The habit had become deeprooted. Thomas was in despair. He had tried by threats and persuasions to make her reasonable, but all in vain. His house was a hell to him. If she had scolded at him, been negligent of her household duties, a gadder in the street, a gossip—any thing but a grumbler, he felt that he could have endured it, loved her, and continued to be happy.

But it was an ever present leaf of woe her countenance presented to him, and when home had seemed to be a pleasant place, he gradually absorbed himself, and the still loving but incorrigible wife smelt the rum in his breath, when he returned from his evening amusements.

One night, about two months after the conversation we have narrated, as the clock was striking the midnight hour, he was brought home, helplessly drunk, in the arms of two watchmen, who had picked him up in the street.

What a sight for a young and loving wife to behold the father of her child drunk! They placed him in bed, and she spent a sleepless night in weeping over his senseless, embittered form. O, the agony of that bitter time! Her husband a drunkard! It was a drunkard's wife! Earth has its miseries, but none like those of the inebriate's wife.

Want, shame, the poor house, the court and the prison rose before her, with vividness. A train of woes—real woes—so long she could not see the end of it, marched in solemn procession before her. There was her child in rags, her husband, a homeless, degraded slave. There was the gaunt form of hunger, the glaring eyes of the demon of crime—there was everything there from which the heart of woman would instinctively shrink.

Thomas rose the next morning, and eat his breakfast in silence—the silence which shame seemed to impose upon him. He was about to leave the house for his workshop, when Mary spoke.

"Thomas," said she, in the subdued tones of anguish, while a flood of tears rained down her wan cheek.

He looked at her, as though he had already divined what she meant to say.

"Thomas, you can't think how unhappy I was last night when you were—when you came home."

"Well, what's the matter now?" answered Thomas sullenly.

"Oh, Thomas, last night!"

"Well, what of it?"

Mary was amazed that no appearance of contrition mitigated his flagrant error.

"You don't come home in the evening now?"

"No."

"But you will come to night, Thomas?"

"Perhaps I will."

"Nay, you will?"

"What for?"

"Come for my sake, Thomas."

"You are casked! Well, that is a good one," replied he sullenly.

Mary was shocked.

"Last night, you were—were—" she could say no more.

"Yes I was."

"Drunk! Oat with it."

"Oh, Thomas!"

"Well."

"What misery is in store for us?"

"Can't help it."

"Nay, Thomas, promise that you will not get—"

"Get drunk," laughed Thomas.

"Do not again."

"Oh, promise."

"Oh, God! has it come to this?"

"Fah!"

Mary threw herself into a chair and wept as though her heart would break. The sight seemed to move the husband, who was yet lost in transgression. A tear stole into his eye, and he bent over her, and took her hand.

"Mary, I have sinned."

"You will not again?" said she eagerly.

"But, Mary, there is no fault on your part."

"My part?"

"My home is hateful to me. Even the presence of that sleeping, innocent child moves not the curse which seems to hang over it."

palling woe that can overtake women—had threatened to be her portion. The sombre cloud had risen—and her destiny was in her own hands.

She knew her husband well enough to be satisfied that his pledge would be held sacred—that, till she drove him from his home by her unamiable peculiarity, he would be true to the words he had spoken.

Grumbling is only a habit. It may even have a root in the natural temperament of the individual; but it is not an incurable disease. Mary felt that happiness here and hereafter depended upon her fidelity to the promise she had made—that a single complaining word would be like a nail placed near the magazine—and another, would involve her in hopeless ruin.

But she had sense enough to know, and she strove to feel, that it was useless to avoid the word, while the disposition existed. It was useless to whitewash a sepulchre—it is still a tomb of dead men's bones. She determined to perform a radical cure. She resolved to be contented, and then the hasty word would not be spoken.

She went about her daily duties with the feeling that a mountain had been removed from her heart. She was cheerful—happy—happy to feel that it was in her power to avert the terrible catastrophe which had menaced her—that she could avoid the yawning abyss that was before her.

All her trials and vexations dwindled into trifles compared with the fate which last night had been so vividly presented to her imagination, and the comparison made her happy.

Punctually to his accustomed hour, Thomas came home. He did not drink anything and he appeared cheerful and happy. She met him with a smiling face, and never mentioned a word of the difficulties that had befallen her. She had even been so far as to draw a pair of water herself, and bring up a bowl of coal, but she said nothing about it.

They were happy again; but perhaps it was as much the effect of the contrast, as the actual change in the circumstances—Thomas fondled little Bobby on his knees, and undressed and put him to bed himself. Mary was delighted, and from her soul she prayed that her own weakness might not dissolve the blissful picture of domestic happiness which the heart of woman would instinctively shrink.

A year passed by. Thomas was true to his vow, and Mary to hers. Whenever things went wrong with her, and the old spirit rose in her heart, her husband had only to say—

"You absolve me from my oath, Mary?" and she became gentle and cheerful in an instant. Those words were a charm. That solemn promise broken, and again the poor house, the penitentiary, the bowed father, the ragged child, the long procession of woes rose in her mind and she was true to herself.

But she really improved her disposition. The habit was radically cured. The home of Thomas Butler is no more a "world of trouble;" it is "home, sweet home"—the abode of the angel of contentment, the dwelling place of truth and love, and the most effectual preventative of the curse of drunkenness.

Our story is not at all a story—it is true to fact. We beg the complaining wife to ask herself if she is not making for her husband a path to the drunkard's grave—for herself and her children a bed of thorns.

### Remarkable Suicide.

A correspondent of the Cleveland Plaindealer, writing from Clyde, Ohio, on the 27th ultimo, gives an account of a singular case of suicide:

A man named Chaney H. Reynolds, of that place, went into the woods to work, in his usual spirit, and was found hanging dead by his pocket-handkerchief, attached to a limb.

When found, his hands were in his pockets, and there were no marks of struggle on the ground, though his head was but little higher than if he sat in a chair. It appeared that after going into the woods, he had endeavored to fell a tree, but it lodged on an other, when he tried to fell another upon it; and thus bring it to the ground, but the tree fell wrong way, and another was tried with the same result.

In a memorandum book in his pocket, was the following entry:

"I am tired of life. The Lord suffers every thing to go against me. These three trees all tell the contrary way; yet it is not on that account that I am about to commit this deed. I impute nothing to my present wife, but it is the difficulty with my first wife that causes me to commit this deed."

"My sons live in Whiteside county, Illinois. I have concluded not to go there, as I shall see Colonel Seely, and shoot him upon sight. I concluded this was the best course. I hope my wife will not lay this too much to heart, and that she will find friends in this hour of affliction."

He had been married to his last wife only about four months, and depended on his days work for the support of his family.

A FIRST RATE PUFF.—At the Supreme Court of Vermont, Mrs. Sarah A. Mott was divorced from her husband, Mr. Darwin Mott. The Rutland Herald gives the following biography of this worthy, which for pit is rarely equalled.

"We know that man—Darwin Mott. He came to St. Albans with a long face, a silver headed cane, and 'Rev.' prefixed to his name. He preached on faith a few months, and suddenly changed it. He preached and went a hunting the same day. He preached on temperance; (and the people were astonished at his stolen lectures and feigned honesty,) and got drunk. He lectured the young ladies, and played the adulterer—stole money, and charged the theft upon the servant girl—got the office of Deputy Inspector—got drunk upon smuggled liquor—took one night, another man's wife, and a bundle of manuscript sermons, and ran away from his own wife, his paper, and a crowd of creditors."

The new Constitution of Denmark declares that all citizens shall have the right of association for religious purposes, according to the dictates of their conscience without previous authority. Every one is at liberty to pay for the support of a minister of his own choice; but he has no choice and does not prefer some church, he is not exempt from paying a tax, which goes to the support of the National Church.

### Arrival of the Canada.

HALFAX, March 29.

The Canada arrived here this forenoon with Liverpool dates to the 18th.

The steamer Baltic had not arrived.

The steamer Taurus sailed on the 18th, with troops.

### ARRIVAL OF THE AFRICA.

NEW YORK, March 28.

The steamer Africa from Liverpool arrived to day at half past 8 o'clock, with dates to the 19th inst. News not interesting.

The statement of the capture of Kalauf by the Russians is an atrocious falsehood totally unfounded. There has been no fighting worth notice on the Danube or in Asia.

The London Daily News, says without date, that the Czar has sent another proposal to Vienna, which the representatives of the five powers found inadvisable and rejected.

A messenger with the Ultimatum of France and England to the Czar, left Vienna on the 9th for St. Petersburg. Prussia, Austria had not signed this Ultimatum—the Prussian and Austrian policy being still defined as neutrality for the present mediation for the future.

In breadstuffs the liberal arrivals and fine weather caused a dullness in the market. Holders are not generally pressing, but an instant reduction of 2d and 3d on wheat, and 1s 3d on flour was taken, thus losing the improvement of last week. Indian Corn is steady and unchanged. Richardson, Bro's quote white American wheat 11s 9d and 11s 3d; Red, 11s 3d; and Ohio 37s 6d; 33s; Yellow 40s 6d.

Gardiner & Co, report beef and tending up; pork in fair demand and tending up; bacon steady; lard dull.

The first division of four British ships under Admiral Charles Napier sail from Portsmouth to-day 11th for Baltic. It is reported that 3000 British troops will go to the Baltic for land service.—The 7th regiment embarked at Liverpool on the 11th for Turkey. The allied fleets were at Boyas Bay and the bulk of the Russian fleet at Sebastopol with some ships at Seemak; both fleets had cruisers in Black Sea. The Russian Baltic fleet is pushing through ice to Seaboard. The Greek insurrection has subsided.

VIENNA, 8th.—It is reported that the Russians are withdrawing from Kalauf.—Archduke Albert will be commander in chief of the Austrians on the south-eastern frontier.

6th.—Prince Paskewitch is appointed General in chief of the Russian army of the Danube.

MALTA, 5th.—The first division of the expeditionary army arrives here.

LONDON, 10th.—The Queen, yesterday issued a proclamation against British subjects engaging in foreign service, or fitting out vessels for warlike purposes without special license.

CONSTANTINOPLE 29th.—The Pacha of Galata had been deposed, at the instance of Austrian intervention. Samas intended to declare her independence if the French ships of war had been sent there.

A dispatch to the Morning Chronicle of the 10th from Athens, states that the Greek insurrection is extending to Messaly.

Gen. Kanyas has joined the insurgents. That city of Asia has been taken by assault and the Turks beaten in several encounters. Perrisa still holds out.

Lord John Russell was quite ill, being unable to attend to duties in the House on Friday. The House adjourned till Monday.

The latest dispatches from Paris fully confirm the news respecting the attitude assumed by Prussia and Austria on the eastern question. Austria expressed her willingness to join the Western powers, but Prussia positively refused, on the ground that as Russia was not a maritime power, she had but little interest in the matter.

If they be founded in truth, we shall doubtless be apprised of the departure of Lord Russell, soon after the ratification of the Gadsden treaty. If by any chance that treaty should be rejected, Santa Anna's ambitious aspirations would be cruelly nipped in the bud."

ADVANCES FROM SPAIN states that Col. Laforre, the insurgent chief, had been captured near the frontier and shot.

The holders of the bonds of the Bank of Pensacola are invited to meet in London to take measures for preferring their claims on the U. S. Government.

All the passengers of the ship Robert Kelley were landed safely. The ship itself was got off the rocks and towed into Kingston.

The ship Pantheon struck and sank near Holyhead, on the night of the 3th. Eight of the crew had perished. The fate of the others had not been reported.

The French Senate unanimously voted a loan of 250,000,000frs.

The first division of troops was to leave Toulon on the 20th.

Some excitement was caused in commercial circles by Lord Clarendon's announcement to the Bight merchants that all Russian produce, to whomsoever belonging, and even in neutral vessels shall be a lawful prize in event of war.

### Arrival of the Ohio.

NEW YORK, March 29.

The Steamer Ohio brings mails, \$790,000 in specie, and 350 passengers. Steamer Franklin is below, 4 days later from Europe.

Faanklin brings Liverpool dates to Wednesday afternoon. Market unchanged.—Breadstuffs, flour has declined from 3 to 4 for the week; wheat has declined 6d; corn is unchanged, limited business at previous rates. Money getting tighter, consols 91 to 91 1/2.

News from the manufacturing districts favorable. Overland rail at Trieste. Shanghai was expected soon to fall into the hands of the Imperialists. The exports from China are large.

No important change in the Eastern question.

It was rumored in Paris that the Czar had given orders for the army to pass the Danube forthwith.

The first division of the British fleet under Sir Charles Napier, sailed on Saturday, destination Wingro Sound, it will not at present enter the Russian waters.

Prussia has sent a confidential mission to Napoleon.

Terrible earthquake at Calais—two thousand persons killed. Provisions steady.

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Richardson Bros quote four consols, 91 1/2; 5 1/2; 6 1/2; 7 1/2. Western consols, 91 1/2; 5 1/2; 6 1/2; 7 1/2. Wheat 36s, Balt. 36s, good Ohio 3